

The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1907.

Things being at the worst begin to mend.—John Webster.

IT WAS A TRIUMPH.

The Times-Dispatch has considered the various views that have been expressed pro and con concerning the deal recently made between the Kentucky tobacco growers' organization and the Imperial Tobacco Company, and adhered to its opinion first expressed that it was a victory for the farmers. The farmers may have made a mistake in raising one crop before the other was sold. The Louisville Evening Post takes that view, but adds:

"The buyer—the one buyer—that is, the tobacco trust—is boycotting the crop of 1906 because that has been largely pooled, and is seeking to get its supply from the crop of 1907. If the buyer can compel the seller to realize on the new crop he forces him to carry at his own cost the old crop. This is the conflict between the two forces at this time, and it is this conflict that involves so much bitterness between buyer and seller."

But the Stemming District Tobacco Association of Kentucky finally succeeded in making the Imperial Tobacco Company recognize its existence, and as an organization sold to the Imperial 16,000,000 pounds of tobacco for \$1,250,000, an average of eight and a fraction cents a pound, according to the report of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

In commenting on the fact, the Lynchburg News, which is published in a large tobacco market, says:

"The recent purchase by the Imperial Tobacco Company of a huge tobacco crop at prices fixed by the planters indicates so complete a triumph of a righteous undertaking that it ought not to pass unnoticed—that it ought to be pointed to in this age of monopoly oppression as embodying a happy, healthful, stimulating activity."

But the News Leader says that The Times-Dispatch has been misinformed as to the status of the case. "Our information," says that contemporary, "is that while the Imperial Company bought the 1907 crop at a high price, the 1906 crop is left in the farmers' hands because it is so prepared for market that the company will not have it at any price."

The Louisville Courier-Journal has a different report. A special correspondent, writing from Henderson, Ky., says:

"The 1906 crop is as yet in part unsold. The association put up about 11,000,000 pounds, and after selling two factories, the association now has of this crop 5,000,000 pounds of strip, which is held at about \$500,000. Negotiations are now pending for the sale of this balance of the 1906 crop. There is much joy among the growers and the members of the association."

The Times-Dispatch has no toleration for lawlessness or the boycott, whether the offense be committed by a manufacturing corporation, a labor union, or a farmers' combine. As stated in the original article, we do not commit The Times-Dispatch to all the methods employed by the farmers' organization in Kentucky. We are unalterably opposed to coercion in trade, from whatever source it may proceed. Farmers in combination have no right to attempt to compel independent farmers to join their ranks, or to restrain them from selling their product as they please. Nor have they any right to prevent buyers from going into the fields and making their purchases. But they are clearly within their rights when they organize for their own protection, pool their tobacco, fix the price and deal as an organization with would-be purchasers. And we believe that when they do so, and obey the law, they are acting in their own interest. In the matter of dollars and cents, the Kentucky deal may not have been as successful as first reports indicated. But it is a distinct triumph for any body of farmers to establish a community of interest, to labor together for their common good.

NO EXTRA SESSION.

The President has done wisely not to yield to the request for an extraordinary session of Congress to devise means for relieving the so-called currency famine. If Congress were a deliberative body of business men, who could be counted upon to take up the question in a business way and dispose of it promptly, the case would be different. But Congress is not such a body, and neither the President, nor Speaker Cannon, nor any other, knows

what Congress would do if assembled for that purpose. The probability is that there would be a wrangle and an agitation that would complicate rather than relieve the situation, and still further disturb rather than restore public confidence.

Congress will meet in regular session in less than thirty days, and it is to be hoped that it will proceed at once to devise and enact such discreet currency legislation as the situation demands. But this work must be done deliberately, and not hastily, as an emergency measure. It is a difficult problem to solve, and it should be solved right, and once for all. We have many makeshifts, and we want no more of them. We want a system that will stand every test and meet every emergency. Such a system cannot be made in a hurry.

THE ELECTION TO-DAY.

The election in Richmond to-day will not stir the voters, but every Democrat should at least take the time to cast a ballot, as he is under promise to do. It speaks badly for us and causes unfavorable comment abroad when an election is held and only a small fraction of the vote is polled. And it has a bad moral effect at home. It is well for the voters to make a demonstration at the polls whenever an election is held. It is an object-lesson, and has a wholesome effect on politics and on the officers of government. The public service cannot be kept up to the mark if voters show a supreme indifference to elections. Be sure you vote, and be sure that your ballot is properly marked. If in doubt, consult the judges. Don't throw your ballot away through carelessness.

THE "SOLID SOUTH."

Thus far the financial storm in New York has not been felt in the South to any great extent. Trade and manufacture are going on as usual, the banks are meeting the demands upon them, and there is no impairment of confidence, so far as we have been able to ascertain.

As an evidence of these conditions, a large shoe house in Richmond reports that its collections yesterday amounted to \$50,000, and a large piano dealer reports large collections of money from his trade. The South has been doing a large business, but it has been proceeding conservatively, and has not engaged in speculation, wildcat banking or any sort of "frenzied finance." The "Solid South" is a term that applies to business as well as to politics.

ARMORY FOR THE BLUES.

It is a settled question that the city is going to give the Blues a suitable armory, but the work of construction should be commenced as soon as possible. Delay has already embarrassed the battalion and crippled its work. To say nothing of the inconvenience, it is difficult for the Blues to recruit with desirable men so long as they have no place to call home.

WHO SAW THE METEOR?

A very bright meteor was observed about 9:55 P. M., Eastern time, on Saturday, October 5th, at points in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and possibly Virginia, West Virginia and Delaware. The weather bureau wishes to get as many observations and accounts of this meteor as possible, and would thank any one who observed it to communicate with its local office at Richmond.

There is more pessimism to the square inch in Wall Street in time of depression than anywhere else in the United States. The financial writers of Sunday were in the depths of despair and prophesied greater evils to come. Yet the suspended trust companies resumed operations on Monday, and there was a general rise in the price of securities.

A member of the First Baptist Church at Morristown, N. J., actually arose in his place last Sunday and talked back at the preacher. But the sermon was political, and politics is always two-sided.

It is said that the railroad governors will soon hold another conference. It seems to be a continuous performance. Why not form a permanent organization?

Although not given to making predictions, we feel safe in saying that the election in Richmond to-day will pass off quietly.

The campaign in New York was so dull this year that the preachers were put to their wits to compose an interesting sermon.

President Roosevelt feels that there is enough extraordinary trouble in the land without an extraordinary session of Congress.

Chicago now threatens to add 400,000,000 cold storage eggs to the circulation. The situation is improving every day.

It is now ten days or more since President Roosevelt has proclaimed his "policy." Has anything happened to it?

Emperor William has decorated Signor Caruso. We thought the Emperor had cut his monkey-shines.

Bank suspension is contagious. That is to say, it is always followed more or less by popular suspension.

The railroads seem to be economizing in all directions, save in the matter of accidents.

The warlike talk which comes out of Louisiana sounds like a political renaissance.

Delaware's prohibition campaign had a regular Alabama flavor.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while growing up over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, cures Colic, Wind, and all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for all ailments of Infants and Children.
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Each Pill Represents
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Ginger 1 Gr. Gamboge 1/2 Gr.
Aloes 1 Gr. Oil Peppermint 1/2 Gr.
Cascara Pile 1 Gr. Oil Sassafras 1/2 Gr.
Excipient—Sufficient quantity.
J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Borrowed Jingles

TO HORACE.
[As Browning might have written it in a Dechaunian meter.]
Oh, master of song and the lyric
Thy verse is a storehouse of riches—
Far greater than any great measure
Of treasures.
How the lines that begin "Dance gratis"
The "Percutio Ode"—
The "Phyllis"—
They thrill us
With hints of old stories and glories—
O Muse!
No more dare we laugh with you, Horace;
Of savants and scholars we're cleaning
That lurks in thy light-hearted phrases.
To find 'neath the jest in each column
Some solemn
Deep thought—or where some hidden woe
lies.
How they halt you in Learning's dim halls,
You're also
(Who with laughter would make any ass
sick)
A classic!
We must place, then, thy volume so slender,
With splendor,
On the shelf with the masters we heed not—
And read not.
For alas—thus the Muse doubtless plans it
In its transit—
—DAPDOWNDILLY.

MEREELY JOKING.

Didn't Own It.
"I have come all the way out here," said the tenderfoot, "to see your beautiful mine." "Somebody's been stringing you, stranger," replied Arizona Al. "It ain't mine," Chicago Record-Herald.

The Eternal Lottery.

Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, tells an amusing instance of the negro's attitude toward matrimony.
A dapper clergyman in the State named a married couple, and after the ceremony the groom asked, "How much you charge for a dir?"
"I usually leave that to the groom," was the reply. "Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less."
"Five dollars is a lot of money, parson," said the groom. "Ab! I'll give you two dollars an den of ah finds ah ain't got cheated, ah'll give yo' mo' in a mon'."

In the stipulated time, the groom returned.

"Fahson," said he, "dis here arrangement a kind of spec'ulation, an ah reckon youse got de worst of it. Ah figgers dat yo' owes me a dollah an seventy-five cents."—Harper's Weekly.

Up to Daughter.

"Yes; I am going to marry Mr. Bullion." "Why, he is old enough to be your father." "I know he is, but, unfortunately, he doesn't seem to care for mother."—Houston Chronicle.

She Killed Him.

"I promised my husband on his death-bed not to marry again."
"I wouldn't have done that, if I had been in your place."
"Ah, but then, he wouldn't have died."—Pittsburgh Courier.

Dr. Hoge's Famous Saying.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—Some one has called my attention to the discussion in your paper as to the priority in the use of the expression, "That which is morally wrong can never be politically right." No one will be reader than I to admit my honored uncle's earlier use of the expression, and no one, I am sure, would more quickly disclaim than he a copyright in the phrase. As you say, once said it became proverbial. I am sure I heard him use it long before the question of the State debt was under discussion. My own use of it in terms that presuppose familiarity with it. Speaking of the Christian in politics, I said—in the sermon alluded to by your correspondent—he will not be deceived in thinking that what is morally wrong can ever be politically right.
Very respectfully,
PEYTON H. HOGE.
Pewee Valley, Ky., Nov. 2, 1907.

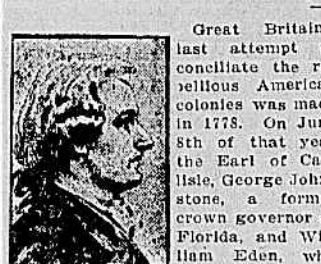
Laying Safe.

Congressman Burton affects to believe that he is going to beat Tom Johnson for mayor of Cleveland, but not so hard as to be willing to surrender his congressional job before the election comes off.—Chattanooga Times.

Famous Words of Famous Men.

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"I Am Not Worth Purchasing. But Such as I Am the King of Great Britain Is Not Rich Enough to Do It."
Gen. JOSEPH REED, at Philadelphia, June 21, 1778.



Great Britain's last attempt to conciliate the rebellious American colonies was made in 1778. On June 8th of that year the Earl of Carlisle, George Johnston, a former crown governor of Florida, and William Eden, who were "peace" commissioners from the mother country, reached Philadelphia. That city was then occupied by the British army.

But the hopeful condition of the patriot cause at this time was not at all encouraging for the purposes of the Earl of Carlisle and his associates. The gloom of Valley Forge had been dispelled, an alliance with France had been effected and a much finer set of men were flocking to the banners of Washington's army.

About the only resource, therefore, that was left to the special royal envoys in their work of restoring amicable relations between the mother country and the disaffected provinces was the corruption of some of the noted and influential American leaders. General Joseph Reed, a Philadelphian by residence, a friend of Washington, and possessing the confidence of the Congress as well as being related, by marriage, with an eminent London family, was selected as the first personage of consequence whom the

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

Interesting Wedding.

A wedding of interest to Richmond people will be celebrated Wednesday, November 6th, at noon, in Bathany Church, King and Queen counties, when Miss Alice Augusta Dew, daughter of Frederick Dew, of King and Queen, and Mrs. Juliet Taylor Evans Dew, will be married to Mr. Thomas Welch Dew, son of Captain and Mrs. T. R. Dew, the Rev. John S. Ryland officiating.

Mrs. Frederick Dew will be matron of honor and Mr. John Tyler, of this city, best man. Other attendants will include the bridesmaids, Misses Mary Sue Dew, of Richmond; Nannie Pierson, of Caroline county; Sallie Woolfolk, of Hanover county; Susie Rawlings, of Fredericksburg; Sallie Lipscomb, of King and Queen counties; Roberta Washington, of Spotsylvania county; the groomsmen, Mr. Leonard Pierson, of Caroline county; Dr. H. M. DeJarnette, of Fredericksburg; Messrs. C. C. Chevening, Douglas Dew, Lester Dilard, of Spotsylvania county, and Morton Gresham, of Richmond.

The flower girls, ring and license-bearer will include Misses Ellen Byrd and Helen Dunbar Dew, nieces of the bride; Masters Thomas Boyd Washington and Joe Willis DeJarnette, nephews of the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Dew will go North for their wedding trip, and afterward will live at "The Red House," in Spotsylvania county.

At Woman's Club.

The book reception at the Woman's Club last afternoon insured a very large attendance and handsome and valuable contributions to the club library.

From 4 to 7 o'clock a stream of callers poured into the club parlors, and were cordially welcomed, hostesses of the afternoon being Mrs. J. Calvin Stewart, Mrs. Marshall Gilliam, Mrs. A. P. Gilmore and Miss Carrie Lee Campbell.

At 12 o'clock to-day Madame Guillaume will meet the ladies interested in the French class, and at half-past 4 to-morrow afternoon members of the French class will meet at the Woman's Club for a social gathering.

A Pretty Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday morning, in the home of Mr. Albert S. Gardner, when his sister, Miss Alice Worthington, and Mr. John Alfred Williamson, of Danville, were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. B. Hutson. Owing to a recent bereavement in the family of the bride, the wedding was quiet. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson left for a trip to Washington and Jamestown. On their return they will be at home to their friends at No. 495 South Pine Street.

Called Meeting.

A called meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Masonic Home will be held at Masonic Temple to-morrow at noon. A full attendance is requested.

Woman's Missionary Union.

The Woman's Missionary Union of the Presbyterian Church will hold a convention in Baltimore, Md., beginning with to-morrow morning, November 6th. A delegation to the convention, leaving Richmond to-day, will include Mrs. Calvin Stewart, Mrs. George Randolph Cannon and Mrs. James P. Smith, officers of the State organization. Delegates from Richmond are Mrs. J. B. Haliburton, Misses Edmonia Martin and Bessie Call.

To-Day at Noon.

The central committee of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, will meet to-day at noon, in the rooms of the Virginia Historical Society.

Meeting Postponed.

The meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Virginia Passenger and Power Company, of this city, has been postponed until the second Thursday of this month, at 3:30 P. M., in Reservoir Hall.

Miss Blair's Lecture.

Miss Maria Blair will give a lecture on "Alaska and Yellowstone Park" this afternoon in the rooms of the Woman's Christian Association, under the auspices of the Kate Emple Guigon Circle of Daughters of the King. Miss Blair is a delightful lecturer, and as her present subject is new, the afternoon promises unusual interest.

Have—Will.

Invitations have been received in Richmond from Mrs. Belle Stein Smith for the marriage of her daughter, Fannie Evans, to Mr. Walter Bryant Rowe, the ceremony to take place at 8:30 o'clock this morning in Birmingham, Ala.

To Attend Wedding.

Miss F. Florence Smith, of No. 904 West Main Street, left Saturday for Birmingham, Ala., to attend the Rowe-Smith wedding.

Out-of-Town Guests.

Guests from a distance to attend the Johnston-Welch wedding, taking place at 8 P. M. to-day at the home of the bride, No. 810 Harrison Street, will include Mrs. John Henderson Tucker, Mrs. Virginia Tucker Carmichael, of Lexington, Va.; Hon. and Mrs. Henry St. George Tucker, of Norfolk; Mrs. John Lee Logan, of New York, and others. The marriage of a member of Mr. Johnston's family in North Carolina to-day, will prevent the attendance of a party of his relatives that would have been present at his nuptials but for the conflict in wedding dates. Wedding gifts in silver, cut-glass and other valuables are altogether noticeable for their elegance and number, and constitute a most imposing array.

Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Delaplaine and daughter, Miss Minnie Thomas, Delaplaine, Va., who have been visiting the Jamestown Exposition, and Mrs. Delaplaine's brother, Mr. Louis R. Thomas, at No. 122 North Lombardy Street in this city, have returned to their home in Fauquier county.

Miss Louise Stacy, who has been the guest in Richmond, of Mrs. R. T. Hunter, left yesterday for her home, at Walkerton, King and Queen counties.

Mrs. Portia Robinson and Miss Martha Robinson have returned from a visit to Mrs. John W. Burrow, of Norfolk, Va.

Mr. John Kelly and his niece, Miss Mary Kelly, sailed from Liverpool, England, October 31st, by the steamship Celtic. They will not come from New York to Richmond until after the horse show. While in Europe they visited England, Ireland and France.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kennon are guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Randolph Kennon in Norfolk.

Miss Katherine Hoge, dancing with Mr. John Herndon, attended the first German of the season in Danville, Va., given at Municipal Hall on Friday evening last.

Mrs. Francisco Hamilton, of New York, gave a luncheon Saturday at Hot Springs, Va., in honor of Miss Edith Whelan, of Baltimore.

Miss Katherine Hoge, who has been visiting Mrs. L. B. Conway, Jr., is now with Miss Sarah Harrison on Paxton Street, Danville.

Mrs. Kate Muir, of this city, is the guest of friends in Norfolk, Va.

S-n-a-wog

The shades of night were falling fast
When through a village street there passed
A youth who didn't mind the ice
Who a banner bore with strange device.

Sna-wog!

Sna-Wog? And what is that? was asked,
As through this village street he passed.
"Why dern that stupid painting man
He's got it backwards—if you'll scan
The other side of Banner Here
You'll see it stands out bright and clear.
It's GOWAN'S great Pneumonia cure.
It's Always Safe, and Certain, Sure.

All druggists—\$1 for the large size or fifty cents for a smaller package.

HILLRISE

By W. B. MAXWELL,

Author of "The Ragged Messenger," "The Guarded Flame," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.—Continued.

The delayed supper was done. Very little food was shockingly sufficient to-night. Mrs. Price, following Jane's lead, by secret signals made known to mamma that her quest had been fruitless. In flat tones she asked her usual question:

"Shall we clear away the things?"
"No," said Mr. Crunden. "Leave his place. Leave the food, but make the table tidy. It ought to be sharp-set by now." And Mrs. Crunden had a smile of gratitude for father's enduring kindness.

Then at last Dick came lurching in—Dick and not Dick—thick of speech, glassy of eye, wanting no supper.

There was a dreadful scene instead of the planned reconciliation—between father and son. Lizzie was hurried away, taken up to bed by Mrs. Price, tremblingly aided to undress, told to cease sobbing and to pray for better fortune—while from below came the sounds of voices—grief, anger and drunken folly in chorus. Even Mrs. Price, within sound of that chorus, could not say now that things would come all right in the end.

Very early in the morning Dick came into the bedroom, woke Lizzie, and kissed her tear-stained face.
"Good-by, Lizzie," he whispered. The grey dawn was creeping into the room; all was shadowy and vague, including Dick himself—it seemed to her like a most horrible dream, but she clung to him in a frenzy of love and fear, to hold him with her.

"Good-bye, dear. I have had enough of it. Father showed me the street door last night—but I wasn't in a state to see it. I'm all right now—I can meet my way through it now." Tell mother not to worry or make a fuss. I'll write to her as soon as I am settled."

She clung to him, but he gently unloosed her arms and again bade her good-bye.

"Go to sleep, Lizzie—but don't forget my message. Tell your mother not to worry."
As in a dream he went from her; leaving her sobbing and shaking in the grey shadows, with the cold, cheerless daylight feebly fighting the shadows. The sun would never really shine again. Dick had gone from them forever. The wide universe was crumbling into ruin, was falling into chaos, all about her little bed.

When Lizzie went to school, at Eastbourne, and exactly what Jack had told her came to pass—after a bit she liked it.

When she returned for the first holidays, Dick had not come back, and her mother was ailing. Mr. Jack never visited the house now, and Mrs. Price could give no authentic news of him. He was a creature of another race, who had descended from a cloud-girt mountain and returned through the cloud to the eternal sunshine on the mountain top—regretted by those who would have privileged to see him—very, very much regretted by Lizzie.

Doomed, unhappy Dick never made his peace with an outraged, disappointed father. He never pulled himself together; he never "dropped it." Mr. Crunden was only waiting for time to bring back the traitor. He only desired penitence, acknowledgment of wrong-doing, a prayer for pardon, and he would have forgiven the culprit. But Dick must make the first move. Mr. Crunden was obdurate here; no more than the mother and wife was away his purpose. "Let him have his lesson. It's our only chance of doing anything with him. When he's had his lesson, we can start fair."

Time, however, would not help them. It seemed that in the cruel, world-school that Dick had entered, there were two headmasters—Life and Death. It was Death, and not Life, that completed miserable Dick's lesson. A letter from a London hospital told Mr. Crunden to cease hoping that he would ever have what his own father had—an R. Crunden, Jr., to carry on the business.

Lizzie, at Eastbourne, was instructed to dress in black. Mrs. Price, conveying the grievous tidings, said that Lizzie must wear black for a year. But as fact she wore it much longer; for three long years. She was motherless after the appointed time of mourning for Dick was fulfilled.

"Lizzie, you must be brave," said red-eyed, broken-voiced Mrs. Price. "You must be brave now for your poor father's sake. You and him is all there is left in the world, and you two should be all the world to each other." "I'll try," said Lizzie, sobbing and gulping and trembling. "He'll keep me with him now, won't he? He'll let me stay here now?"

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Price. "He wants you to go on with your learning—finish all your grand education like—and not feel the sadness of this house."

"Oh, I'd rather stay with him!"
"No, my dear, you must do as he says. You'll help him best later—nothing can help him now. He'll be winding up his business—completing of all his jobs and then retiring."

Thus Mr. Crunden went about his day's task as of old—on hard, silent, grey man, who had a strip of crape round the sleeve of his old grey jacket, who had a band of black cloth round his square felt hat. Outwardly that was the change in him. Something of a hedger and hedger perhaps to the town of Bedford, even while his grief

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